

## Hooked on a Feeling by OSlug\_Girl0

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**Summary:**

Bunch o' Stonathan one shots because I fell in love with this pairing

## 1. Chapter 1

What was Steve doing? He was sat in his car next to Jonathan in an empty lot, leg bouncing up and down, looking anywhere but at the boy next to him.

“Steve?” Jonathan was looking at him. He refused to meet his eyes.

“Yeah?”

“We’re here. Want to tell my why?” Steve hadn’t thought it through before dragging Jonathan out in his car, saying he’d tell him why when they get there. He didn’t have a ‘why’, he had no clue what he was doing.

“Uh, well, we haven’t talked much, you know, since...” *since we attacked that Demogorgon* “Since everything went on and I just wanted to catch up, you know?”

“We couldn’t have done this inside? Not in a shady ass parking lot?” Jonathan quirked an eyebrow at him.

“Hey, it’s not shady! I come here all the time.” Steve huffed.

“You-” Jonathan was stifling a laugh under his hand, Steve turned at this. Jonathan looked beautiful when he laughed. “Sorry, sorry. But, you hang out in a *parking lot*? Jeez, not got enough asshole friends to entertain you?” He was now flat out smirking at him. Jonathan Byers. Teasing him. Steve could get used to that.

Steve blushed. “It’s quiet, you know? No one ever comes here, I can sit by myself and just... watch the stars, be alone. Is that weird?” He looked up sheepishly at Jonathan. His smirk faded to a small, genuine smile.

“No, it’s nice. My house is never quiet anymore, I think it freaks mom and Will out. But I’ve always liked the quiet, it’s peaceful. So, no. It’s not weird. Promise.” Jonathan held eye contact for what Steve thought was the longest time since they’d known each other. Steve’s heart was thumping.

A few minutes of comfortable silence passed before Jonathan spoke up again.

“Thank you.”

“For what?” He hadn’t done anything special, right?

“For telling me that. I get the feeling you’re not a very open person,”

“What gave that away?” Steve deadpanned making Jonathan chuckle lightly.

“So, thank you. And thanks for taking me here. Sharing this with me.”

“No problem. And, if you ever wanna just get away from it, I’m 100% down for a couple of hours to escape in the quiet.” What was he doing? This was his place, and he was letting Jonathan in, and offering to tag along?!

“Steve?”

“Yeah?”

“Why are we here?” Steve sighed.

“I just- I wanted to talk. Alone. And, I don’t know what I’m doing but we can go back-”

“Talk about what?”

Steve froze.

“Huh?”

“Talk about what, Steve?” Jonathan looked slightly concerned, making Steve’s heart swell even more.

“Jesus, Byers don’t look at me like that.”

“Like what? Steve, what is going on?”

“Like you actually care! Like I’m worth being nice to, worth being

concerned about. Nancy left me because she obviously likes you, not me. And yet you're being nice to me? I don't deserve it, I was an ass to you and you are treating me like a friend. Why?"

Jonathan smiled at him.

"Because you are my friend, Steve. And I do care about you. Why don't you get that? You came back to us. You saved us, for fuck sakes! Steve, you're *good*."

Steve stared at Jonathan, at the earnest look in his eyes, at the desperation in them to believe him. He didn't deserve him. He didn't. But, *God*, did he want to believe that he was worth it. That Steve was worth his kindness, worth his compassion, worth his time. And in that moment, he almost did.

His hand reached up before he could stop it, resting gently on Jonathan's jaw. Brown eyes searched his, slightly scared but trumped by intrigue. Whatever it was Jonathan was looking for, he must have found it as his face relaxed and he leaned in slightly; subconsciously, Steve guessed. He took that as an invite, and pressed his lips softly against Jonathan's, the guy he used to hate, the guy he used to ridicule and mock, the guy he now had in his hands and never wanted to let go.

Jonathan pulled back, opening his eyes slowly and gazing up through lashes at the boy beside him. And if that wasn't the hottest thing Steve had ever seen.

"Fuck, Byers," Steve smashed his lips back against Jonathan's, all greedy and messy. Steve wasn't used to losing it like that. He had a reputation as a lady's man and knew how to get what he wanted. But Jonathan was rendering him incapable of basic thought processes, and he was kissing him back.

Jonathan was tugging at Steve's bottom lip and Steve whimpered, mouth opening, allowing Jonathan's tongue access to his mouth. Where the fuck was this coming from? Not that Steve was complaining. Quite the opposite as he kissed back, matching Jonathan's hunger, catching his tongue between his teeth, making the younger boy hiss.

His arms snaked down to wrap around Jonathan's waist as said boy's hands locked around his neck. Steve was in heaven. He could never have imagined that this is how the night would turn out. His hands pushed up Jonathan's shirt, feeling the soft skin and making Jonathan shudder.

"Steve," Jonathan breathed. He didn't move more than an inch away from Steve, staring into his eyes.

"God, you're hot," Steve leaned in again, hands slipping into the waistband of his jeans. Jonathan gasped into his mouth, and Steve dropped his hand lower, feeling the half hard dick in his pants. What was he doing? He'd never been with a guy before, he had no idea how to make Jonathan feel good, but damn it was he going to try.

Feeling confident, Steve unzipped Jonathan's pants, pulling his growing cock out. Not that he had much experience seeing other dudes' dicks to compare it to, but it was gorgeous. Before he even knew what was he was doing he was bending down and taking the head in his mouth.

"J-Jesus, fuck," Jonathan moaned. The angle was awkward and he didn't know a lot other than what felt good when girls blew him, but he was going to get more noises out of Jonathan if it killed him. He ran his tongue over the head over and over, feeling Jonathan writhe beneath him. The boy's hands slid into Steve's hair and gripped hard, causing him to moan around his dick.

Taking more of the shaft in his mouth, Steve dared to look up at Jonathan and saw him staring down at him, his eyes filled with awe, and Steve's determination hit him full force. He swallowed around the dick in his mouth over and over while bobbing his head up and down, hearing strangled moans being ripped from Jonathan's throat.

"Steve," Jonathan tugged at Steve's hair, and Steve knew he was close. But he couldn't seem to stop. He kept sucking and moaning, ignoring Jonathan's warnings above him until he felt his release spill into his mouth. He swallowed as much as he could, but he could help the dribble down his chin. He looked up sheepishly at Jonathan, fully expecting him to be disgusted by what just happened.

But Jonathan just swiped his thumb across his chin, and Steve took the digit in his mouth.

“So, is this what you wanted to talk about?” That smirk Steve loved returned to his face with a blissful edge to it.

“No. This was better.” He grinned back at the beautiful boy across from him.

Oh, yeah. This turned out great.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

These chapters don't link unless I explicitly state otherwise :)

Jonathan woke up to an arm slung around his waist and heavy breathing at the back of his neck. It was still dark outside and he could barely make out the shapes in his room. Half asleep, Jonathan took a minute to realize that there was someone else in the bed next to him. Who? Whoever it was had a few inches on Jonathan's height and strong arms that were so comfortable, he couldn't help but lean back into the embrace and drift off...

Then he felt it. A pressing against his ass which was definitely not an arm. Well, it was a man behind him. He elbowed the figure to create some room between them and heard a grunt that he recognized.

"Steve?" he whispered into the air.

"Hnng?" a muffled groan behind him answered.

"Steve," he hissed more aggressively.

"What?" a pissed Steve answered.

"You think you could, uh, shove back a bit?" He felt Steve pull back from him a little, but he kept his arms firmly in place.

"Why?" He all but felt Steve's realization sink in. First, he froze, then he clenched his hands a little tighter as if to check that this was really happening. It was. He jumped off the bed and backed into the corner.

"Shit I-I... Fuck, ah this is awkward, uh," Steve seemed to struggle to form a sentence and it almost made Jonathan laugh.

"Steve it's fine-"

"No! No no no no no it's not, I'm so sorry,"

“Steve, look. We just fell asleep after staying up too late, and you must have been dreaming about Nancy or someone, so this doesn’t change anything, I promise. We’re cool.”

“I’ll just go sleep on the couch.” Steve shuffled over to the door, but looked back when Jonathan sighed dramatically.

“Jesus, Harrington, just get in.” Jonathan lifted up the covers and quirked an eyebrow at him pointedly. Without meeting his eyes, the older boy clambered back into the bed, body facing Jonathan.

“Steve, look at me,” Steve begrudgingly met his eyes. “We’re okay. It happens to everyone, no sweat.” He smiled what he hoped was convincingly and Steve smiled back at him, but it didn’t reach his eyes.

“Yeah, I guess. Thanks, Byers.” Jonathan rolled over to give Steve some space. If he closed his eyes for long enough, maybe he’d fall asleep and could pretend this was all just some weird dream.

But he couldn’t. He didn’t want to.

Slowly and unsurely, Jonathan shuffled back towards Steve.

“Jonathan?” an unsure voice called to him, but he didn’t stop, not until he could feel the press of Steve against him. “Jonathan, what are you-”

Steve’s words were cut off by a gasp when Jonathan experimentally ground against him. Steve made no move to stop him, so he did it again. And again, and again, until Steve had wound his arm around Jonathan’s waist and was moaning softly into his ear. He didn’t stop there.

Reaching back, Jonathan gently slid his hands downwards towards Steve’s crotch. He took a shaky breath in before cupping Steve’s dick, feeling him squeeze his waist and whimpering.

“Jonathan, you don’t have to,” Steve was trying, but failing to keep his voice straight. “Jonathan, are you listening to me?”

“Yeah, yeah I am.” At that he turned to face him, stared into intense



brown eyes, full of lust and uncertainty.

He reached his hand back down, lifting his shirt up and reaching down into his pants, slipping into his underwear. He grasped Steve's cock in his hand, his thumb running gently over the leaking slit.

Jonathan would be the first to admit that he didn't know what he was doing, but Steve wasn't complaining. Jonathan pumped his hand once and couldn't help but feel pride when Steve thrust into his hand. Meeting his eyes again, Jonathan kept his gaze as he continued, Steve matching every pump breathing hotly between them. Steve's hands grasped onto Jonathan's biceps, digging in what would be painfully if Jonathan was in his right mind but judging by the situation, he definitely wasn't. And he didn't care.

Working faster, Jonathan could feel Steve grow more desperate in his hands. He was near. Jonathan leaned in closer to Steve, who rested his forehead against the other's, moans sounding directly into his ear. God, Jonathan was so turned on right now.

"Jonathan," Steve all but whispered, moaning loudly as he released into Jonathan's hand. Jonathan slipped his hand out and turned back over.

"Go to sleep, Harrington. Forget it in the morning." Jonathan didn't turn back again that night.

X

Jonathan woke up to an empty bed the next morning and an open window. Figures. The seriousness of the situation finally crept under his skin.

He jerked Steve off last night. Steve would tell the whole school he's a fag and his tiny semblance of a normal life would be over.

But, Steve had enjoyed it... He got Steve off, so maybe he could use that against him? Steve Harrington beaten off by the freak.

Sighing, Jonathan got out of his car, slamming the door. Maybe for once, people would just let him believe he didn't exist.

“Byers!” Nope, not a chance. Steve was jogging over to him, waving a hand.

“What do you want, Steve?”

“I want to talk about last night,”

“Look, I don’t care if you hate me or if you think I’m disgusting, but if you spread it around the school, everyone will just realize that you liked it just as much as-”

“Woah, woah woah, are you serious? Dude, I don’t regret last night.”

Jonathan didn’t believe him. “Whatever, just run back to the one you really wanted last night, Nancy’s already inside.”

“That’s not- It wasn’t Nancy I was thinking about last night.”

“What?” Jonathan needed hearing aids. It was the only logical conclusion.

“I wasn’t thinking about Nancy last night when I, you know. I was thinking about you. You, Jonathan. I’m not ashamed of that.”

Jonathan froze. No fucking way, no way was Steve Harrington admitting that he was turned on by Jonathan.

“Come on,” Steve dragged Jonathan by the arm towards his car, shoving him towards the passenger’s side before running around to the driver’s side.

Steve definitely didn’t stick to the speed limit as he sped to wherever the hell he was taking him. They pulled up in front of what Jonathan distinctly recognized as Steve’s house, but didn’t have time to dwell before Steve was yet again pushing Jonathan, urging him to exit the car.

Jonathan didn’t remember much of how they got upstairs, but they did. Steve’s mouth was on his the second they got in the door, and they somehow made it up to Steve’s room. Steve gently pushed Jonathan onto the bed before taking off his shirt, never taking his eyes of Jonathan’s.

He leaned down to kiss him again, sucking Jonathan's lip between his teeth before pressing his hand to the skin of Jonathan's abdomen, running circles on the smooth skin there. He grabbed the hem of the shirt, tugging lightly as if to ask permission. When he nodded, Steve lifted the material over his head.

"Beautiful," Steve leaned down to kiss down Jonathan's chest, going lower until he reached the top of his jeans. "Can I?" Jonathan nodded slightly, looking away from Steve.

"Hey," A warm hand cupped Jonathan's jaw, forcing him to look up. "I'm not gonna do anything to hurt you, I promise. You want me to stop, I stop, okay?" Jonathan nodded once again but Steve shook his head. "I need to hear you say it."

"Yes, Steve, I- I want this. You." Steve captured Jonathan's lips in another kiss before reaching down and undoing his belt. Jonathan wriggled to help Steve get his pants off before feeling confident and undoing Steve's belt and trousers. Steve smirked down at him, being met by a shy smile. He made quick work of his own pants and both of their underwear.

Seeking confirmation in Jonathan again, Steve searched his eyes for any regrets, hesitancy, anything. Finding none, he reached for the lube in his draw.

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes," Jonathan breathed. Pushing his legs apart, Steve slicked up his fingers before gently pushing a finger against Jonathan's hole. Gasping, Jonathan grabbed the sheets beneath his fingers tight enough to hurt. Steve pushed his finger in slowly, waiting for Jonathan to adjust. Jesus, he was tight. When Jonathan gave the okay, he added a second, scissoring his fingers, spreading him wide. When he added a third, Jonathan was a panting mess on the bed.

"Steve, please." Jonathan begged him, and how could he resist that?

Retreating his fingers, Jonathan felt a sudden emptiness, but that didn't last long when the head of Steve's cock was pressing against his hole. He pushed in oh, so slowly, and Jonathan whimpered at the feeling of being so *full*.

“Move, please.” Jonathan pulled his neck down to kiss him, while Steve pulled out to thrust back in again and he hit a spot inside Jonathan that made him scream out in pleasure.

“Shit, shit did I hurt you?” Steve looked terrified.

“No, god no, keep *moving*.” Steve pulled out again and thrust in faster, creating a steady pace and making Jonathan fall completely apart. Steve couldn’t help but pound faster and faster, ripping moans from Jonathan’s throat and from his own. He could feel his release growing in him and Jonathan clench around him as he neared his own.

The tightness around him was enough to push him over the edge and with one last thrust, he came inside of Jonathan. The feeling of Steve spilling into him pushed Jonathan to his own release, painting both of their stomach’s white. Steve collapsed on top of Jonathan, panting heavily and Jonathan couldn’t help but wrap his arms around him.

“Believe me now?” Steve asked.

“Shut up, Harrington.”

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Notes for the Chapter:

AHHHH I'm actually back with this fic? Shock horror, I know.

This chapter doesn't have smut but let's be real, I'll probably make that a part 2 ;)

Sorry it's been YEARS but I hope this longer length chapter will make up for it :)

Jonathan got the girl. He beat *Steve Harrington* and got the girl.

Nancy was amazing; she was strong willed, held her own and was more fearless than anyone he had ever met, which one was of the reasons Jonathan could not understand why she chose him. Jonathan wasn't strong, he wasn't athletic like Steve and he definitely wasn't cool like him. Steve had saved their asses when the Demogorgon attacked the first time and saved the kids' lives the second-time hell descended on Earth.

But that night at the Snow Ball, watching Nancy dance with Dustin, he wasn't thinking about Steve and worrying about matching up to him. For once, he only saw Nancy, and how damn lucky he was to be with her. He felt content.

Jonathan and Nancy decided to spent Christmas with their own families and wanted to wait until school started to pick things up again. Jonathan was just fine with this; his family was the most important thing in his life and he just needed some time to have a normal life.

Nancy did come around to surprise him on New Year's Eve and they kissed at midnight in his bedroom away from the rest of the world. He was truly content.

It was only when school started back up again did that feeling begin to change.

Nancy refused to get a lift with Jonathan in the mornings, instead making her own way in to school. Jonathan didn't mind; he liked driving by himself and blaring his music, without worrying about what anyone else thought. It was time by himself that he selfishly craved more than anything. Jonathan always valued his privacy, but his mom and Will refused to leave him alone sometimes, and he didn't want to disappoint or worry them by keeping to himself. So, car rides were Jonathan's only escape.

One morning, two weeks after school had started, Nancy asked him something he'd been dreading.

"Do you mind if we asked Steve to sit with us?"

Steve had been sitting by himself in the cafeteria since school began, and Nancy had been shooting him pained glances the whole time. Jonathan knew Nancy's good nature would catch up with her eventually he just secretly hoped it never would. He didn't want Steve back in Nancy's life, what if he tried to win her back? He would obviously succeed.

But this meant something to Nancy, so Jonathan would have to suck it up.

"Nah, it's cool," he smiled what he hoped was convincingly. Nancy beamed back up at him.

"Thank you. I'll meet you after class for lunch." And with that she kissed his cheek and ran off to class.

Well, so much for that content feeling.

X

Nancy came up to Steve before lunch and had the most breath-taking smile on her face. Damn, how did he lose her?

"Hey, Jonathan and I were wondering- well, mainly me but- do you wanna sit with us at lunch?" she had this slight twinge of nervousness in her eyes.

Uh oh. The pity talk.

“Nance, it’s fine, honestly. The ex and the new boyfriend? Not gonna go down well. Don’t worry about it.”

“But, Jonathan said it was fine! He won’t mind Steve, honestly. Please,” Goddamn it how could he refuse anything she said.

Steve sighed, “Fine, sure. Thank you, Nancy.” He smiled politely at her. He could do this for her.

“You’re welcome,” she beamed back at him.

Nancy led the way into the cafeteria to where Jonathan was already sitting. He smiled in greeting before he dragged Nancy off to get their lunch, not waiting for a response.

“Not even a hello?” Nancy was facing forwards in the line but glancing at him out of the corner of her eye, as if afraid to look directly at him. Steve scoffed.

“He wouldn’t have said it either,” He knew it was petty, but it would’ve been true, regardless of whether Steve waited around to find out or not. Jonathan stole *his* girl, why should he reach out? And it’s not like Jonathan was the type of guy to spark up a conversation with the best of people, let alone Steve.

“I don’t want this to be awkward,” Nancy mumbled. Steve wanted to scoff again. How did she think this would be anything but awkward? He loved Nancy and she chose someone else, and she wanted him to be chummy with the guy he lost to? Never gonna happen.

But, he’d pretend for her.

“It won’t be, I promise.”

They grabbed their trays and headed back for the table where Jonathan was staring at his own tray with far too much interest.

“Hey, man,” Steve tried to sound nonchalant.

“Hey,” he was still looking at the damn tray. It was starting to piss Steve off.

"How have you been?" he tried.

"Fine." Seriously?

"How was your Christmas?"

"Fine."

"Um, okay. How's your mom? And Will?"

"They're- "

"Let me guess, fine." Steve deadpanned.

"*Steve*," Nancy hissed.

"What? I'm trying and he's shutting me down every time. I knew this wouldn't work. Thanks for trying, I guess." Steve made to get up before Jonathan's hand clamped around his wrist, a panicked expression staring up at him.

"No wait, I'm sorry. I said I'd do this. I will, I can. Honestly." Steve couldn't tell if he was talking to him, Nancy or himself. Steve waited while Jonathan seemed to mentally prepare himself. Was he really that hard to talk to?

"Christmas was odd, but enjoyable. Will was as excited as ever and I think mom was just glad to have a day that we got to spend together. They're doing okay but sometimes it's still a little funny, like if we wake up, Will'll be gone again. We all feel it. How was your Christmas?"

Steve stared for a second, surprised at his honesty. By the look on Nancy's face, she was surprised too. He belatedly realized that Jonathan's hand was still wrapped around his wrist and cleared his throat, pulling it away. Jonathan blushed and yanked his hand back; obviously he hadn't realized his hand was still there, either. It was cute.

"Uh, yeah it was good. I mean, not much happened and it's not like I can tell the parents everything that has been going on, so it felt a little... distant, but I guess I'm used to that," Steve shrugged. "It's



good about Will, though. I'm glad he's feeling somewhat normal. God knows he deserves it."

"Hmm," Jonathan hummed in agreement. This was actually a normal conversation. They had managed it. Steve smiled to himself, then realized it probably seemed creepy so hid it behind his hand. Maybe if he showed Nancy he could do this, she might want him back again?

They talked a little about nothing much until the bell rang, signalling the end of lunch.

"Well, I've got math, so I'll see you guys tomorrow." Nancy smiled at the both of them like a proud parent. It was kinda patronizing. Steve shifted under her gaze.

"See you," he called out as she pointedly didn't kiss Jonathan goodbye or even give him anything more than a smile. Steve waited until Nancy had scurried out of earshot before turning to Jonathan.

"You know you don't have to keep it PG for me, right?" Steve nudged Jonathan with his elbow. Jonathan must not have been expecting it because it nearly knocked him over, causing him to flail his arm out which Steve caught and used to help balance him. He mumbled an embarrassed thank you, blushing again. Huh.

"We're not." Jonathan lied.

"Come on, man, you don't have to lie to me. It's fine, honestly." Steve lied this time. "I've got bio, you?"

"Chemistry," he muttered. Same block. Just perfect.

"Let's go then."

Steve walked slightly ahead of Jonathan the whole way to the science labs, in a very uncomfortable silence. The tension was suffocating him.

"Why'd you freak out earlier?" Steve asked with no tact.

Jonathan laughed what seemed self-deprecatingly. "Can you be more

specific?”

Steve frowned at that. “When I went to leave,”

Jonathan turned his head away from Steve and fiddled with his jumper sleeves adorably.

“This means a lot to Nancy and I really don’t wanna screw this up. I mean, I make one mistake and I lose her, you know? She’s got you to fall back on which means I don’t stand a chance. I don’t even know why she’s with me.”

Steve didn’t know what to say. He really didn’t.

“See you around, man.” He said and darted off to his class. ‘Smooth,’ he thought.

X

Jonathan completely zoned out in last period. He was too freaked out from what had happened today. Steve sat with them at lunch, then Steve was kinda rude to him, albeit justifiably, he freaked out in front of Steve, accidentally held Steve’s hand, then managed to hold a civil conversation with Steve, proceeded to freak Steve out and finally caused

Steve to literally run away from him. And who was leaning against his car as he walks towards it at the end of the day? Steve. His day was just full of Steve.

“Hey,” Steve called out to him. Why was this guy always wearing sunglasses? Surely he couldn’t see?

“Hey,” Jonathan said lamely. “What’s up?”

“Look, I was kind of a dick for just running off earlier, so I wanted to apologize.” Steve waited expectantly.

“Apology accepted.” Jonathan smiled weakly at him. He didn’t know if he believed him or not.

“And I just wanted to let you know that I don’t plan on giving up on Nancy,” ‘Here we go,’ Jonathan thought. “but, shit man, you don’t

need to put yourself down like that. You're smart, so is Nancy. You're kind, so is Nancy. You'd do anything for and would die for your brother, So would Nancy."

"Oh," Jonathan said. He hadn't been expecting that.

"What I'm trying to say is, you're not as hopeless as you think you are, Byers. I spent a long time thinking about what you have that I don't that would make Nancy want you instead of me, and in the end that's what I came up with. Just thought you should know."

Steve turned around to walk away before abruptly turning back around. "Oh, but don't forget I'll always outmatch you in the hair department." Steve smirked at him. And with that, he bounded off towards his car.

What an eventful day.

-

The next few days passed without incident. Steve continued to sit with him and Nancy at lunch and Jonathan got brave and kissed Nancy goodbye on the most recent day. It was weird that his rival for his girlfriend was spending what little time they had alone together with them, but if that's what kept Nancy happy, then he'd do it. He'd do anything for her.

That night Will wanted to go to the arcade to hang out with his friends, but their mom couldn't give him a lift in, so buttered Jonathan up by making his favorite dinner and promising first choice of the movie they watch next family night. Jonathan was wise to her dirty tactics but loved seeing his mother smile, and her having an 'adults night' in with Hopper was one of those things, so he played along.

Just as he suspected, Jonathan's mom asked him to give Will a lift to the arcade, and maybe stay with him or at least stay nearby so that he could keep an eye on him and yes, mom, he would do it, and no, mom, he won't go too far away, and yes, mom, he had a first aid kit in his car.

Smiling to reassure his mother who seemed to have a permanent look

of worry etched on to her face he packed Will and Eleven into the car after Hopper brought himself and his newly appointed daughter over. Checking they had enough cash and secretly sliding Eleven a few more quarters and whispering, “Kick his ass,” he started the car and waved in the mirror to his mom.

The two in the back were just on the side of too loud but he couldn't find it in himself to care. His brother was happy. So what?

Pulling up at the arcade, Will and Eleven bolted out of the back, but Jonathan stayed put. He didn't like coming here anymore. His dad used to take him. It was their *thing*. And after he left, he found he couldn't enjoy it like he used to. But Will loved this place and Jonathan was going to make the effort for him, like all their past trips here. Lonnie be damned.

A knock on his window startled him out of his thoughts. It was Steve. Damn, couldn't he catch a break?

“I'll meet you inside!” he vaguely heard Dustin call out, watching Steve turn around to wave at him. He motioned to Jonathan to roll the window down.

“Dropping off little Byers, huh?”

Jonathan nodded, “And Eleven.”

“Why?” Steve looked confused.

“Hopper brought her over,” seeing even more confusion mar Steve's face he explained “Him and my mom are sort of... dating?” He scratched the back of his head uncomfortably.

“Ouch, new stepdad is the sheriff, huh?”

“Woah, woah woah woah, I do not want to think about that yet.” Jonathan scrunched up his face. Steve laughed softly, it was nice.

“Sorry man. So, you coming in or,?” Steve looked expectant. It was weird how they were almost acting like friends, when they both clearly wanted something only one of them could have. Nancy really had them wrapped around her finger.

Sighing, Jonathan braced himself. "Sure." He headed out of the comfort of his car and followed Steve inside. He hadn't missed how whenever they walked the same direction to class or the cafeteria or wherever, he always fell a couple of steps behind Steve. If he thought about it, he'd probably tell himself he was intimidated by Steve. He didn't think about it.

"No, really though, I'm happy for your mom," Steve said, holding the door open for Jonathan "She's been through hell, you all have. You deserve something good." There was a sadness in Steve's eyes that Jonathan would have missed had he blinked. He wasn't entirely sure he didn't imagine it. If he thought about it, he'd tell himself that Steve thought it was Jonathan that deserved Nancy; good Nancy. He didn't think about it.

They reminisced a little about the video games they played in this arcade when they were younger as they walked around, doing a head count of all the kids. Steve was so overly protective of them now that it made Jonathan smile a little. As Jonathan passed by Eleven and Will going head to head, he saw that El was falling behind, and she wasn't a gracious loser. So he snuck her yet another secret stash of quarters and winked, placing a finger to his lips in a hush gesture. As he turned around, Steve was cocking an eyebrow at him.

"What can I say? I'm excited for a step-sister," Jonathan joked. Both of Steve's eyebrows rocketed sky high at this. "Hey, I can't poke fun, now?" He jibed at Steve.

"Just, didn't think it'd ever come from you, that's all." Steve hummed to himself.

They walked around in amicable silence for a while until suddenly Steve bolted off shouting frantic "Hey!"s and "No!"s. Jonathan followed Steve's darting figure, seeing Lucas and Max huddled in a corner, clearly caught kissing based on Max's arms around Lucas' shoulders and his around her waist. The look of terror on their faces at being caught nearly made Jonathan lose it. What did make Jonathan lose it was Steve's cries of "You're too young!" and "Wait until you're at least 21!"

What made Jonathan huddle over was Max shouting back "Oh, yeah? Like you waited that long! You probably had sex with half of your

class before you were 16!” and hearing Steve’s indigent, and somewhat unintelligible cries of protest. Jonathan had finally calmed down when Steve moped over to his side, murmuring “I feel like I’ve lost them,” and causing Jonathan to lose it all over again.

5 minutes of Steve pouting later, Jonathan had control of himself again. Steve was like a Goddam mom. It was highly entertaining.

Jonathan was wearing his thick jumper and his jacket and was starting to sweat. He didn’t like taking off his jacket though, it was like a comfort, being wrapped up. He felt content. Steve glanced at him fidgeting and leant over to his ear. “Wanna stand outside for a bit? It’s stifling in here.” Jonathan quickly nodded and for the first time, shuffled outside in front of Steve. He would have waved to Will if he thought he was paying attention.

Breathing deep, cleansing breaths, Jonathan felt himself finally start to cool down. It was still winter, so it was freezing, but having the heating blasted in the arcade mixed with lots of tightly packed bodies made it feel like a sauna. Steve came and stood next to him.

“Don’t like crowds?” he asked. Jonathan shook his head.

“It’s not that, I just don’t like being too warm, I guess. I know I could just take my jacket off, but I like having it on. I only ever really take it off at home or at school. It’s a comfort, I guess. But it can be inconvenient, like right now.” Jonathan huffed. He fully expected Steve to quiz him on his weird habit, because, let’s face it, Jonathan knew it was stupid. His dad had told him that much. But it never came.

“Fair enough,” came the reply. That wasn’t right.

“Is that it?” his turn to quiz now.

“What do you want me to say, Byers? You’re fucked up for wanting to keep a coat on?”

“Well, yeah, I guess,”

“Okay then. It’s fucked up, you’re weird. It’s a weird thing you do. Like abnormal to the point I don’t want to be seen with you.” He

deadpanned. "But everyone does at least something weird right? Who the hell am I to judge?" Steve mused.

Jonathan gaped at Steve's side.

"Close your damn mouth, Byers." Jonathan quickly snapped his jaw shut, feeling flushed, but relaxed when Steve turned to smile gently down at him. Maybe they were friends after all.

"You say 'I guess' a lot Byers, are you ever sure of anything?" Steve was smirking at him again now.

"I guess not," he replied with a smirk of his own.

X

Steve was dropping Dustin off at the arcade again the next Monday and found himself hoping that Jonathan would be there. He found he liked the conversations they had, and he liked being one of the only people to know things about the older Byers. He also found that he knew something Nancy didn't, when he mentioned to Jonathan that it would likely get colder soon, so he wouldn't have to worry. Nancy furrowed her brow in confusion and Jonathan stumbled through some lame ass lie about worrying about his car overheating which was complete bs but Nancy didn't push. She obviously knew Jonathan better. Steve was shocked to find himself jealous. Of Nancy.

As Steve and Dustin headed into the arcade he spotted Will and Mike fighting over who's turn it was to play whatever game they were currently obsessed with. But no Jonathan. He glided over to Will and leant against the machine, watching as Mike started to mash buttons, obviously having won.

"Hey little Byers, where's bigger, more annoying Byers?" He ruffled Will's hair, much to his chagrin.

"Mom took me tonight," he said, annoyed and turned back around to try and mess Mike's game up.

Why did he feel disappointed? It's not like Jonathan told him he was dropping Will off tonight, he'd just assumed.

“Dustin, where the shit are you? You’ve gotta be my entertainment for tonight!” He called. Hopefully the evening would go by fast.

-

The rest of the week past uneventfully until Nancy cornered him after English that Thursday.

“We are all hanging out this weekend. No ifs, no buts, just the three of us, pizza and lame ass movies. We’re gonna go to Jonathans. Tomorrow night. 8. Be. There.” Steve didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at Nancy’s threatening tone. Looked like he was visiting the Byers, then.

The next night he arrived at Jonathan’s at 7:40. He was way too early. Maybe he could back out of the drive and-

The front door swung open and Jonathan smiled at him from the doorway. Never mind.

He climbed out of his car ungracefully in an attempt to seem like he wasn’t planning on leaving and coming back in half an hour. He didn’t think it worked.

“Hey,” Jonathan called, “I hope you don’t mind frozen pizzas and our movie collection is kinda lame but- ”

“It’ll be fine. Honestly.” Jonathan scooted out of the way to let Steve in, who belatedly realized he hadn’t even said hello.

“Hi, by the way.” Steve smiled. He stopped in front of him before going any further into the house.

“Hey,” Jonathan beamed lightly back at him in what Steve thought must have been the most genuine smile he’d ever seen on the boy, let alone directed at him.

“You said that,” Steve pointed out, smirking. Jonathan’s smile relaxed, a light blush forming on his cheeks. They were very close, Steve noted.

“Sorry,” he all but whispered. Steve felt his heart race a little at that. What was going on? He was after Nancy, not Nancy’s boyfriend! He



laughed loudly, awkwardly to break the silence.

“Not a crime, Byers. Now, show me your lame ass movie collection.” He said making his way into the living room. He stepped cautiously, feeling every memory of what happened in this house rush straight through him. How did Jonathan still live here? Before he knew what he was doing, he had asked him as much.

“I have good memories here,” He shrugged. “Bad things happen, sure. I mean my dad walked out and it didn’t feel like a home for a while and now all... this, but the good memories came first. That’s what keeps me here.” He shifted uncomfortably.

“Sorry for the privacy invasion.”

“It’s fine,” he shrugged again, and Steve could see the tension in his shoulders. Oh, how he wanted to make that go away. “Why don’t you pick a movie and I’ll check on the food?” Jonathan nodded and turned towards the Byers’ collection.

When he had decided on a couple of horror flicks that looked as bad as their dumbass titles, Jonathan appeared at the doorway. “Food’ll be a couple of minutes,” he stated.

“Sweet.” Steve internally berated himself. God, why couldn’t Nancy hurry up and get here?

As if by magic, the phone rang, and Jonathan went to answer it.

“Hello? Hey, Nance, we’re waiting for you... What? Oh, no that’s okay. Want me to come over? Well, if you’re sure... Feel better soon yeah?... I will do. See you later.” He turned to Steve. “Soooo Nancy is sick.” He said in an unbelieving tone.

“Huh, strange.” Steve said, equally as suspicious. “It’s almost as if she set this up so that we would be forced to spend a night together and get along, isn’t it?”

“Nancy would never do such a thing though, would she?” Jonathan was failing at hiding a smirk now. Steve grinned at him.

“Never in a million years,” they laughed for a second before an

uncomfortable silence crept up on them again.

“We have been getting along better, though, right?” Steve asked tentatively.

“I thought so,”

“Me too.” Steve said somewhat indignantly.

One moment of silence passed. Two.

“Pizza should be done!” Jonathan rushes back into the kitchen while Steve shakes himself and sets up the movie. A few minutes later, Jonathan is carrying in 3 whole pizzas, more chip bags than Steve cares to count and several cans of soda. It takes him a ridiculous number of trips. He scratches the back of his head sheepishly. Steve decides he likes that.

“I had this planned for three,” he admitted.

“Not to worry!” Steve beamed at him “I am the living embodiment of a bottomless pit, and I wouldn’t challenge me on that.” Steve winked at Jonathan and swear he heard his breath catch. Uh oh. This wasn’t good. Steve should leave. Steve should make an excuse and run over to Nancy and profess his undying love. But he couldn’t move off the couch. What was he doing?

Jonathan flopped onto the couch as far away from Steve as possible, but Steve had parked himself directly in the middle. Debating for a while in his head, he decided it would be ruder to move than to stay, so settled back to enjoy the film. Jonathan didn’t argue with his choice, merely watched in complete silence, seemingly awed at some scenes, which Steve found more endearing than the movie.

Neither of them spoke during the first one, but when Steve was switching over movies he spoke up. “So where is the rest of the Byers tonight?”

“Hoppers,” Jonathan replied, clearing up some of the empty bags, plates and cans. “Will and Eleven are having a sleepover. Evidently, so is my mom.” He finished with a grimace. Steve chuckled.

Getting up, he brought some more of the rubbish in to the kitchen, copying where Jonathan sorted them to. Clearly, he was planning on cleaning up in the morning, judging by the pile forming on the side.

At one point, Jonathan had bent down to pick up a piece of stray trash, so Steve simply leant over him to reach the counter top. But Jonathan stood back up, leaning right into Steve, and reflexively Steve's hands clasped his waist. Shit. He jumped back and laughed too hard at what had happened and stared too long and the flush covering Jonathan's face. 'He's just warm, right?' he thought. 'He needs to get out of that thick ass jumper. Maybe I could get him out of it...' Steve nearly slapped himself. No. This was not happening. He raced to the bathroom and splashed water on his face. 'Pull it together, Harrington.'

He heard Jonathan rap lightly on the half open door and call out softly.

"I'm fine," Steve called, louder than necessary. "Just not feeling too great."

When Steve finally emerged he bid Jonathan goodbye and drove home too fast. What a night.

X

Jonathan didn't let himself think about what had happened that night. He continued to act as if everything was exactly the same at school and when Nancy asked, he just said "Not much happened, we just watched movies. It was fun," which didn't seem to settle with her.

Once again Jonathan got tasked with dropping Will off at the arcade, and as he arrived he saw Nancy dropping off Mike. He knew she was going out that night so didn't bother saying anything, just followed Will inside.

Steve was already there, challenging Dustin to a game and judging from the profanities, losing. As soon as he saw Jonathan, he abandoned the game to shouts of "Pussy!" from Dustin.

“Hey, man,” he had a blinding smile on his face.

“Hey,” Jonathan shifted uncomfortably. He hadn’t been alone with Steve since that Saturday. He didn’t know what to do.

“You know, we’ve got ages until we’ve got to get the brats home. Wanna go somewhere?” Steve seemed hopeful but also nervous.

“Where?”

“I don’t know, lets find out.” Steve grabbed his arm and yanked him out the arcade.

Jonathan ended up driving, but that was just fine with him. They drove around for about 20 minutes before Jonathan finally perked up.

“So, what are we doing exactly?”

“I just thought you’d like to get out of there. You don’t seem to really enjoy going to the arcade, but there’s no way in hell I’m letting you go by yourself. You’d probably get yourself killed, Byers.” Jonathan scoffed indignantly.

“Hey! I drive around by myself all the time!” Jonathan huffed.

“You do?” Steve quizzed. Yeah, he couldn’t deny that sounded sad.

“Yeah, since Will, both him and mom have been reluctant to spend time alone just in case you know? So driving is the only time I get by myself and I like it. I don’t know I guess I’m just a loner.”

“Do you want me to leave?” Steve asked quietly.

“No! God, no. I’m actually getting used to having you around,” he laughed. “You’re good company, Harrington.”

“...pull over,” Steve said after a heavy silence.

“Sure,” Jonathan was unsure of the sudden change of heart. He spotted an empty parking lot up ahead and pulled in.

“Okay, so what’s u-” Jonathan was silenced with a pair of lips on his.

What?

Before Jonathan could decide what to do, they were gone, and a horrified Steve was presented in front of him.

“Shit, Byers, I don’t know why I did that. Holy shit I’m so sorry I just-I don’t even know, God, I’m so stupid I-”

“Jesus, relax! It’s okay Steve, lets just forget about it, okay? It never happened.”

Steve looked away “Promise?”

Jonathan grabbed his arm and gently turned him around. “Promise.”

He drove them back to the arcade and Steve bolted out of the car. They didn’t speak the rest of the night.

X

Steve hated himself, he fucking *kissed* Jonathan! What was wrong with him? It’s bad enough to want his girl but to want him?! And act on it?! There was no excuse, he was an idiot.

Steve refused to sit with them at lunch anymore, much to Nancy’s upset. He couldn’t bring himself to care though; he had betrayed her in the worst way, that was way worse.

Jonathan kept trying to talk to him like normal, but Steve couldn’t do it. He just walked away every time. Eventually Jonathan would give up. Then maybe Steve could forget this ever happened. Maybe.

He stopped for a while, and after a week Steve was sure it was over. Then he received a note in his locker telling him to meet him in the dark room after school. Fuck it, why not? At least he could finally tell him to leave him alone for good.

When he arrived, he had barely opened the door before Jonathan yanked him in, pushed him against the door and kissed the life out of him. When he broke to breathe, Steve had many questions.

“What? Why? What?!”

“Shh, I just- I missed you,” Jonathan whispered into his chest, refusing to look at him.

“What about Nancy?” Jonathan smiled sheepishly up at him.

“Who’s Nancy? Oh, right that girl we’ve been fighting over?”

Steve huffed a laugh “Yeah that would be the one.”

“We’re on a break. It might be permanent, I have no idea but, I think... I think this is more important to me,”

“You think?” Steve smirked.

“Shut up, Steve.” Jonathan leaned in again.

“Jonathan, you know I never will.” He whispered against his lips and kissed him again.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Wanted a mushy one so I wrote it. But, like I said ill probably write some smut for this. Hope you enjoyed!